

not even join in the applause of the other guests.

The young Italian's words and manner completed the fascination and Marian went home in a kind of dream. Torini, charmed by her appreciation, ended in falling in love with her. Marian, carried off her feet by the ardent, romantic love-making of the Italian, after three weeks' acquaintance, eloped with Torini. They were married by a Roman Catholic priest and sailed immediately for London.

Pollock sat all night with the letter she had written him in his hand. In the morning, with a drawn, white face, as though shaken by years, he rose, put the letter away and went about the day's work.

Strong, deep natures like Pollock's do not cry out with their hurt, but it sinks farther and stays longer for the repression. Beyond Marian's aunt and the few in Boston who had known of the engagement, no one ever heard anything from Stephen Pollock. Work was stopped on the pretty house and the windows boarded up. Closed up, too, seemed the affectional side of his nature. He was not embittered, but he did not seek much the society of women. Still the men in his factory loved him.

Meanwhile what of the girl who had wrought this havoc in his life? In London Torini was quite as much the fashion as in America. The round of receptions, dinners and all kinds of gayety which caught the young couple in its whirl seemed to the girl a dream of fairyland. They visited the great European capitals and in Paris a daughter was born to them. Marian was ill for some months and when she recovered sufficiently to care for the child she gave it most of her time. Very soon she found that her husband, to whom adulation and demonstrative appreciation were the breath of his life, was seeking elsewhere the satisfaction of his temperamental de-

mands. Foolish women flattered him and his wife became a third-rate consideration. Her life with him grew to be intolerable, but they were now living in his own home in Italy and she knew if she left him they would take the child from her. His church did not sanction divorces, and even should she succeed in getting away with the little one, she had no money of her own, so while she knew another woman was more to him than she had been for years, she was forced to go on living, his wife in name only.

At 8 years of age the little girl died and Marian then determined at all hazards to leave her husband. While he had made a great deal of money, the life he had been leading had made away with the most of it, and had also its effect on his voice, so that he was no longer drawing the large amounts he had commanded.

Marian had some valuable jewels, and with a little money she had saved, she left Italy and sailed for America. Her aunt had never answered her letters and she feared to face her. But she nerved herself up to make the attempt. She discovered her aunt had gone and she was unable to trace her. She found one or two old friends, but shrank from meeting those to whom she might have to explain. Her sad experience had made her more serious and thoughtful, but it had only touched with a gentler, tenderer charm the beauty of her face.

It was nearly two years since she had returned and Marian began to awake to the fact that her small store of money was nearly exhausted. She tried to think what she could do to earn her living. Finally she advertised for a position as a companion. Thinking her foreign name might be a drawback, she called herself Mrs. Torrence. The letters she received were most discouraging, but at last there was one which seemed promising. She called